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Richmond College Messenger.

VOL. XVI.

JUNE, 1890.

NO. 9

EDITORS:

Mu Sigma Rho, { R. E. CHAMBERS,
N. H. HARRIS,
J. C. HARWOOD.

Philologist, { E. E. DUDLEY,
GARNETT RYLAND,
C. G. TRUMBO.

Business Manager—W. OWEN CARVER.

Assistant Business Manager—W. E. FARRAR.

Alumni Poem.

Richmond College, Wednesday, June 18, 1890.

PROEM.

As knights of eld, in days of venture and
Exploit, went forth abold o'er sea and land,
And for a twelve-month fared the dangerous way
Where dragons held the timid soul at bay ;
Or tempted treacherous aides, the foe to goad
Beyond the harm of motherland ; or showed
Their prowess in the gladly-given defence
Of woman—rough-assaulted, or 'mid the tents
Of tourney ; or, beyond the martial dream
Of earthly blazon, sought the sombre gleam
Of distant shrines, to purify the soul,
In barefoot penitence and body's dole ;
Or, on before untried and irksome ways,
Endured the starless nights and joyless days,
In search and hope to find the Holy Grail,
And then restore it to the temple's pale ;
And many a wrong subdued, and many a right
Upheld with honor's arms and armor bright,—
As these, at last, probation o'er, again
Assembled 'round the genial board (where men
Alone sat down, and whence, twelve moons before,
They had gone forth), and told the stories o'er
Of all their travel and their hazard—so

Come we, the year of labor past : aglow
 With conquest, some ; some panting hotly yet
 From late-worn struggles ; some, mayhap, whose fret
 And chance have won small recompense, much toil,
 Awearied with the seeming fruitless toil,—
 All glad once more to come, fling off the mail,
 Lay by the lance, unlash the steel, and hail
 Each fellow with a tone that banishes
 All hours but this, and hours that led to this.

And him that hath done well, though scarred and brown,
 Our Alma Mater heels with golden spurs,
 And writes his name beneath the name, Renown.
 To him whose garments tattered are, and, worse,
 Whose sword is broke, whose heart despairing,—lo,
 Despising not, nor chiding (ever so
 All mothers true), she soothing says : My son,
 Faint not ; 'tis not yet time. Thy strife begun
 In weakness, proves not what the end shall be.
 Rise up ; take thou this other sword from me,
 And from my chalice drain a draught of strength ;
 Thy brothers gird thee with a love-wrought sash :
 Go forth again ; come back to us at length,
 With scars, maychance, but honor in their gash,
 And here, whe'er victory or defeat you own,
 The soldier e'er will find warm hearts alone.

Methinks 'twere almost better, thus to fall
 In sorrow sometimes in th' ancestral hall,
 And have our mother lift us up, caress
 And love us in our weakness. Know we less
 Of love, I ween, till we have tasted grief
 And known defeat. Then, love is like a fire
 To warm us to the fray ; then love's relief
 Is like the tempered mail—each knight's desire ;
 Then, love is like a trusty lance, whose point
 Pricks deftly through the foeman's armor-joint.

But here we are. And midst the tales we tell
 Of what adventures on our ways befell,
 You call for song,

And who shall sing?

Why he

That sang us last ; the minstrel with that queer,

Sad harp that moaned with love's sweet misery—
Aye, that's the singer now again we'd hear.

And will you doubt, that, like the bard's of old,
The present minstrel's face drops blushing down
In modest gladness, that the tale he told
Hath pleased the listener, brought some faint renown?

Yet were't not wise to cease while pleasure's at
Her height?—For hungering for more of that
Which pleaseth, surely better is, than sip
Too long, and find it pall upon the lip.

Thus deems the lyrist; so, with anxious heart
He weaves again the story-rhyme for you.
If any chord of his should falsely start,
It is the trembling hand that strikes untrue;
If any strain unto your soul should sue,
It is an inspiration drawn from you.

THE POEM.

FLOSSIE.

- "Tell me your story," the lady said
To the stranger—in rags, and with graying head.
"Tell you my story"?—O child, it's too long,
And full of tears and full of wrong.
Your happy eyes would dim at its grief,
And yet you could give me no relief.
'Sit down'?—Oh, thank you! not many lips
Say such kind things to me, and few finger-tips
White as yours are, touch my hard hand
So gently, so kindly, through all this land.
"How very like are your eyes of blue
To a pair of blue eyes that once I knew.
'Whose eyes were they'?—I see quite well
You would like to hear the tale I could tell.
Sit down. I'll try to be very brief;
And yet, I do not know—the leaf
Sometimes, when caught by a wandering wind,
A long time falls ere the earth it will find.
"Whose eyes were those I spoke of just now?"
Impatient, just like her—forgive me! How

I forget that you're a fine lady, and I
 But a tramp. Yet, I think, were I called to die,
 I should not feel so lonely, if you
 Should look at me then with your eyes of blue:
 I should feel like she were come back from the dead,
 To lead me to light through the valley's dread.

“ ‘Whose eyes?’ Well, listen :

“A score ago
 Of years, out West, in a cabin low—
 But built by my hands to shelter the dear
 Ones I ne'er more shall meet while I wander here—
 We lived—my wife, my Golden Hair,
 And I. 'Twas a lonely place, but there
 Was my home while I dug for gold—a long
 Time failing to find a grain. But strong
 As love was my tireless arm; and we'd laid
 By a bit before our party had strayed
 From the States, on a search for the shining dust,—
 So we weren't yet reduced to the beggar's crust.
 By and by, we found a wash that gave
 Up a glitter from out its gravelly grave.
 We followed the stream far up the hill,
 And there was the vein all pockets to fill.

“ But it warn't more bright than my child's bright hair;
 And the miners all—brave men and square—
 No sneaks nor cowards nor thieves out there—
 They called our baby Golden Hair.—
 No, that warn't the name of our little girl,
 But mostly the same; for each little cur
 Was golden and silky. The name that we
 Called her by was Flossie; so, you see,
 There warn't much difference. Golden Hair,
 Or Flossie, the miners didn't care;
 And she was both to each of us.
 The only girl in our small town she was,
 And the pet of both women and men.

“ Well, well,
 We found the pocket, and all of us fell
 On our knees, and blessed the good God for the gold:
 There was plenty for all, and to spare. I sold
 My claim, and started East with my gains.

"The sun was hot on the summer plains,
And my wife took fever, and died by the way.
We watched and tended her night and day;
But I was a man, and Flossie but three
Years old. And truly it seemed to me
That fate was jealous of my full share
Of joy in my wife and my Golden Hair
And my bag of dust; and just when I
Had reached my dream's reality, why,
All I had must slip from my hand—
As through the hour-glass filters the sand—
As though it were but a dream indeed.
But I had my child, and I quickened my speed,
Lest she should catch the fever's heat,
And, like her mother, die at my feet.

"But I took it next. I felt it here
In my heart, and hear in my head. Its sear
Burnt out my sight. But I felt on my breast
The sweet life of my child; and I took no rest
By day or night—riding straight ahead,
Till my faithful horse fell under me—dead.
I felt for my gold—'twas about my waist;
I felt for my child—her breath I could taste
As she clung to my neck while I reeling ran,
Striving to reach some abode of man.
At last I sank, with a dizzy brain,
And body racked with an awful pain.
Then, all I knew, was Flossie's cry
As the whoop of Indians sounded by.
From then, was a blank, till I woke at last
With thongs at my wrists and my ankles fast.

"How long I'd lain there, I do not know—
The past seemed but a moment ago;
But my limbs were swollen and like to burst,
And my lips were dry with a terrible thirst.
My baby was gone; and first in my mind
Was the thought that I had been left behind,
While the Indians had taken my child and gone—
Leaving me there to die alone.

"But, by the crackling fire's bright light,
I saw a glad, yet despairing sight:

In a group beyond the camp-fire, there
 Were a dozen Redskins and Golden Hair.
 They had bound her little wrists and feet
 With trinkets, that tinkled a melody sweet
 Enough to charm their savage ear
 While Golden Hair danced, with never a fear.

"The miners had taught her, the winter before,
 More jigs than one on our rough deal floor;
 And friendly Indians often had come
 And sat by the hearth in our cabin-home,
 And watched the child and played with her there,
 And all made friends with Golden Hair.

"And now she seemed delighted, and they
 Much more at the infant's innocent play.
 I spoke not a word—I hardly drew breath,
 But prayed for deliverance from savage death.

"By and by, they tired, and then they slept;
 And Flossie, my baby, lightly crept
 Away from her keepers to where I was tied,
 And nestled closely down by my side.
 'Glad?'—My heart was wet with the tears
 The fever had burnt from my eyes. Long years
 Have never erased the touch of her hands—
 Her baby hands—on my face that night,
 And the kiss she left on my lips. The light
 Shone full on her head, where the shining strands
 Seemed like an angel's crown. She knew
 Not that I was awake, and she closed her blue
 Eyes on my breast, for sleep—saying low,
 'Dod b'ess my mamma an' my'—no
 Sound more, for she was asleep.

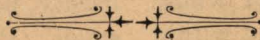
"I kept
 Awake and listened. The Indians slept,
 And soundly, for some of them snored. I shook
 The little one some, and she waked with a look
 Of fright; but I whispered her name, and told
 Her, 'papa was near,' and again she was bold.
 'Flossie, take my knife,' I said,
 'And cut the strings from my hands.'—The head
 Of an Indian raised just then, looked around
 As if in a dream, then dropped to the ground.

Flossie cut the thong—and cut my wrist,
 For the big knife slipped in her little fist,
 And gave me a gash I'll keep till I die.
 But that is a scar she'll know me by
 When she sees me coming on Judgment Day—
 A time that, for me, is not far away.

“ She cried when she saw the crimson dye,
 And wakened the Redskins.—One slash with my
 Hand, and my feet were free. I sprang
 With my child for the woods. Behind me there rang
 The hideous yells of those demons red,
 As they followed my footsteps flying ahead.
 But I could not last; my strength was gone—
 Fasting and fever their work had done.
 Nearer and nearer the sleuth-hounds came;
 My breath was roasting me like a flame;
 I scarcely felt the pain of the knife
 That struck through my shoulder down at my life.
 Flossie screamed with a hurt-child's cry,
 And heavily I fell, as I thought, to die.
 I felt her bleeding arm on my face,
 And I knew that the brute had struck her too,
 For her arm was over the very place
 Where the Indian's blade went sinking through
 My shoulder. Then all was a mist. I knew
 No more till the rain revived me.—

“ You
 Are weeping and sad at an old man's woe.
 I thank you—— What? my Flossie you know?—
 O madam, deceive me not, I pray!—
 Alive?—and I may see her to-day?—
 My blue-eyed Flossie—my Golden Hair?—
 Where?—I pray you, lady, tell me where?—
 What—you!—oh, do not set me wild!—
 The scar!—yes, yes!—at last—my child!”

L. R. HAMBERLIN.



The South.

IT is with a feeling of pride that I stand before this brilliant audience of Southern intelligence and Southern beauty to speak in behalf of the land we love. I am proud to point to the South as the home of my ancestry and claim her as my native soil. I am proud that my father fought in the land of Dixie and followed the fortunes of the gallant soldiers who wore the gray.

It is natural for us to love the South. Are we not sprung from her soil? Were we not reared in her lap? Is it not our own South? A thankless child and unworthy son is he who doesn't love and cherish her. Among the two great nations of antiquity valor and devotion to one's country was considered the noblest virtue and highest duty of man. They have fallen amid the wreck of time and in the path of the ages. Their greatness is past, their glory is gone. But they have left a legacy to mankind, the heritage of all time—fidelity and devotion to their native land.

The old Roman touched a responsive chord in every patriotic bosom when he said: "I love the Tiber of Rome, and Rome on the Tiber." He loved his native city and the river that "flowed fast by it." Who is he that doesn't love his country and his native soil, whose heart doesn't throb with patriotic impulses, and whose soul is never stirred and fired within him, as he says with proud emotion, "this is my own, my native land?" It

makes a man true and great and noble. It broadens and expands his nature. It fills and inspires him with a lofty ambition. Man is ennobled as he rises above selfishness, and sees beyond the narrow horizon of his own possessions and the contracted compass of his own interests, to broader fields and higher planes. His soul is magnified in contemplation of nobler spheres of action for his fellow-man, his country, and his God. Lives of sublimest possibilities become dwarfed and still and stagnant, because they are confined within too narrow limits. Their own interest is their native land, their own aggrandizement the farthest thule of their ambition. Patriotism is crushed out and all noble spirit is dead. A kite that would lie motionless and still in this room, and between these walls, when given to the breezes in broad space, would sail and soar high and far, unhindered and unhampered in the free and buoyant air. So the soul and spirit of man must be released from the narrow walls of self and greed and gain that encompass it, in order to display its noblest qualities and reach its grandest heights. He lives the most whose life fills the largest sphere and covers the broadest field. The man who loves his country and feels a deep interest in his people, can hardly be narrow and selfish and small. Patriotism is born of the soil and linked with the history of a nation. Every present has its

past, and every people have their traditions. They defend and cherish these as sacred and hallowed. They are transmitted the inviolable gift of the past to the present. And let no man set impious foot upon their sacred soil or call in question the deeds they transmit. For they are enshrined in the memory, and are dear to the hearts of the people, who will not hold him guiltless that denounces them or says that they were wrong or traitorous. You might as well defame my father, or speak disrespectfully of my mother, as to slander my native land.

Dear to me are the traditions of my people, the land of my fathers and the home of my ancestry, the soil on which they lived and fought and died, and beneath which they were buried. Here were their homes, and here are their graves, and sacred and hallowed is the memory of their deeds and the recollection of their virtues.

I love the South for her brave and gallant dead. Dear to me is the land for which such men fought and such soldiers died. I love her soil hallowed by the blood of heroes, and her name entwined forever with all that is heroic in action and patriotic in men, as seen in the noble sacrifices of her people, and inscribed on the bright escutcheon of their arms.

We love her soil of spreading green. We love her mountains and hills that stretch toward the bending skies, and that once reverberated with the soul-stirring strains of Dixie and resounded with the warrior's song and the soldier's pæan. We love her silvery streams and all her prattling

brooks that wend and wind their way through her meadows and dales. We love the rivers that course her valleys, and all the fields and forests that cover her battle-scarred bosom. For all these helped to make her people, and had a part in her history and are associated with her glory. They speak with a voice that mocks the puny articulations of men. They tell of her conflicts, and tell of the deeds of her people, to whom they are endeared by a thousand ties of association and a thousand memories of other days, just as the child in after years learns to love the places and scenes with which he was associated in the childish days of youth, and about which cluster many fond memories—the stream by which he played, and the old oak that shaded and the roof that sheltered him.

Our feelings toward home and native land are very much akin to these. Who would not defend his home, and who would not defend his native land? Stigmatize me. Call me a rebel, call me a traitor. Dishonor my name and befoul my character, so that I may be hated and despised among men, but hold that impious tongue in silence, speak not a word against my people, my kindred and my fathers, or against the cause for which they fought and for which they died. Slander me, but hush and stay your opprobrium against them. Heaven help me to maintain my own name unspotted, and my own character unstained, and God grant me strength and voice to defend my people, defend their cause, and defend their memory.

More than a quarter of a century ago the war ended. The stars and bars that had waved in the breezes and smoke over many a field was taken down and wrapped and entwined about the dead hopes of the Confederacy, and tenderly laid away by loving hands that had borne it for four long years in war. Many times it had been unfurled and had floated with proud swelling folds over the field of victory, but now it was furled and folded in defeat. The old soldiers with tenderness and tears bade adieu to their commanders who had led them bravely before the glitter and gleam of arms, and in the front and face of death and danger, on many a field of blood and battle, and farewell to their old companions in suffering and comrades in arms. They met with high hopes of victory. They departed sad in defeat. And what was left of them, with shattered fortunes and blasted hopes, returned to their desolated homes. Many were missing. Children grieved for the father that had fallen. The wife was sorrow-stricken for the husband that never came back, and the mother wept for her soldier boy that never returned. Homes and hopes were gone; friends and loved ones were dead; many of them perished far away; numbers of those who went out from the waters of the Gulf now rest under the green sod and beneath the shading cedars of Virginia's hills and valleys, cut down by the cruel fortunes of war and laid to rest by a stranger's hand, denied a mother's loving kiss, or a wife's fond caress. Ah! soldier of the dust, rest in thy

quiet repose and sleep in thy honored tomb. Bravely didst thou fight and nobly didst thou fall. Loving countrymen will defend thy cause and grateful hearts will guard thy memory, and thrice accursed be the lips and tongue that call thee a traitor, or say that thy life was given and spent for a dishonorable cause.

Ah! let regard for valor, for noble self-sacrifice and heroism, and let reverence for the dead restrain the tongues and stop the mouths of those who would speak disrespectfully of the cause that was lost. Right or wrong, braver men never went to war, and nobler heroes never sacrificed their lives upon their country's altar. And this has been held in highest honor and supreme reverence among all nations and races of earth in all the ages of the world.

The South was defeated. She accepts the situation and affirms and declares her loyalty to the Union to-day. But she makes no apology for the past. She is not ashamed of her record, nor ashamed of her cause, nor ashamed of her heroes. Her name is associated with defeat, but who dare say with disgrace? When her armies surrendered they had the respect of those who fought against them, and the admiration of the world who looked on.

Let me not be misunderstood. I yield to no man in my love for the Union as it is to-day, and I hope no other occasion will ever arise to call for its dissolution, but that it may stand together firm and strong in unity and peace, till we become the king of nations and the sovereign of

empires, the home of freedom and the shrine of liberty. But first and foremost, and beyond and dearer than all, are my people of the South, warm-hearted, generous and noble, and for the sake of nothing beneath the skies will I compromise their integrity, or yield for a moment their honor. Let us not, in our laudable efforts to restore the Union and to allay and obliterate the passion and animosities of war, fail to defend them. It is our duty to the South and her people. We owe it to her living sons, many of whom bear the marks and wear the scars of the wounds they received fighting their country's cause. We owe it to her brave dead, who fell in her battles, and who now sleep within her bosom, and repose beneath her sod. It is our duty to defend them by voice and pen against any man or any demagogue that would heap reproach upon their honorable cause or their unsullied names. Let this be the voice of every Southern tongue and heart. This is my native Southland, and I will never stand by and hear her name defamed or see her glory tarnished. Let me be ever faithful, loyal and true to the Union. But Heaven prevent and God forbid that I should ever be disloyal to the South.

There are some who maintain that all the relics of the past and everything connected with the so-called rebellion must be consigned to oblivion. The old uniforms must not be seen and the old flags must not be displayed to corrupt the youth, and martial airs must not be heard to pollute and

defile the atmosphere. Useless such talk. These old uniforms and swords will ever be preserved as the *lares* and *penates* of our people, and the old airs that were played in the war and the songs that were sung in Dixie will never lose their charm while music and memory hold their sway over the minds and hearts of men. They will ever fall upon Southern ears as the sweetest of all melodies and symphonies, to transport the old soldier, amid emotion and tears, to the scenes and conflicts of the days that are gone, to the tread of marching armies, to the onset and charge of the battle, and to the bivouac of the camp.

Forget the past, they tell us; forget the war, and let all those old things be buried in the grave of oblivion. Forget the deeds and battles of my people! Sooner let the child forget the mother that nursed him and the home that sheltered him, or the plant forget the sun that warmed it or the soil that nourished it.

There is much talk nowadays about the old South giving place to the new. Let the old South, with all its institutions and ideas be buried, they tell us. Bury the old South, if you will, and there are thousands of her sons and daughters that would want to be buried with her in the same grave and under the same sod. Bury the old South, and you would entomb all that is dear to many noble hearts. Bury the old South, and thousands, myriads, would come to weep at her funeral and shed tears upon her grave. They would come from all parts of her territory; come from her

mountains and come from her hills
 come from her rivers and come from her
 battle-fields; come from the land of
 cotton; come from the palmettoes of
 Carolina; come from the blood-dyed
 waters of the York and the Shenan-
 doah; come in wealth and come in
 poverty; come in youth and come in
 years, and gather about the bier
 of the old South. The old veteran
 with his bending form and cane, the
 maimed soldier with his wounds and
 crutches, would come to mourn and
 weep at the burial of the old South for
 which he fought, and to sing her last
 requiem. Oh, let the old South stand!
 Let it remain for the sake of those
 that have loved it so long and so
 well, endeared to them by a thousand
 ties and a thousand memories. Give
 us the new South seasoned with the
 old. I glory in the new South. Her
 fidelity and loyalty to the Union is
 my pride and boast. I hail with
 deepest joy her material prosperity
 and her marvellous growth. But there
 are some things about the old South
 that I hope will stand as long as her
 everlasting hills. May her chivalry,
 may the patriotism of her sons and
 the devotion of her daughters, the
 generosity and nobility of her people,
 never die, but live to hear the last
 tick of the great clock of time. And
 let no man, warmed by southern suns
 and through whose veins there courses
 southern blood, ever denounce or
 listen mute to others denounce her
 sons who fought for what they
 believed to be just and righteous, or
 dare to condemn the cause which
 they defended with their lives and
 hallowed by their blood.

Not merely are we to defend
 those who fought for the lost cause,
 but we should honor them, and honor
 them the more, because honor is all
 they have ever or will ever receive.
 They fought and suffered and died
 without remuneration or reward.
 The cause for which they fought and
 for which many of them sacrificed
 their lives was lost. Their homes
 were desolated and their property
 destroyed. They gave their services
 and their limbs and their blood and
 their all to their country without pay
 or pension, and shall they not receive
 a double portion of honor? All over
 the South to-day their graves are
 found. In her cemeteries, with their
 carpets of green, in the mountains'
 shady slopes and dells, where the
 winds and the trees join in humming
 the soldier's requiem; on the river's
 brink, where the water's, as they roll
 and leap and flow, murmur forever
 the praises of the dead; by many
 a rampart, whose mouldering mound
 still lingers to tell of the battle they
 fought, and many of them rest in se-
 questered corners and humble tombs,
 over which weeds and shrubs have
 grown, and no man scarce thinks a
 soldier sleeps there. Ah! noble
 heroes! Will any man that loves
 valor and reverences devotion to duty,
 whether friend or foe, ever call such
 men rebels or traitors, or utter a word
 of disrespect over the graves of such
 soldiers? And shall any man or any
 demagogue or any friend deter us for
 a moment from paying them the
 highest honors in the gift of men or
 that earth can bestow?

May their memory, through all the

years and ages to come, remain as fresh and green as the grass that covers their graves and the cedars that wave over their tombs.

They tell us not to honor the soldiers who fought for our homes and our hearths and our Southern soil. Avaunt! away! So long as the sun shall rise and set, so long as the streams shall leap from the mountain side and the rivers flow to the sea, so long as memory remains and gratitude lives in the hearts of the sons of men, so long will we honor our brave and gallant dead and spread flowers and garlands and immortelles upon their graves and tombs and erect monuments and shafts of bronze and granite to perpetuate their memory and proclaim their virtues to the generations to come and the ages unborn. Splendid heroes! Brightest stars that ever twinkled in fame's proud skies!

The 29th of May was the grandest

and proudest day that this old city of the South ever saw or shall ever witness, when that great moving, marching pageant passed in grandeur along her streets in honor of the grandest soldier that ever drew his sword or led an army, and then unveiled his noble brow and martial figure to the clear cloudless skies that smiled in approbation above, and to scores and thousands of his loving countrymen, who made the earth tremble with their shouts. So may we defend and honor all those who fought and died for the grand and glorious old South, for the land of pine and palmetto, of orange blossoms and flowers. No men ever had a stronger claim to reverence or a clearer title to honor. Their country received their services, their soil their ashes, the other world their spirits, and the ages their memory, which they will be proud to defend.

Is It Expedient to Colonize the Negro?

[During a debate on this question J. Garland Pollard made the following speech in the Mu Sigma Rho Society]:

As far back as the latter part of the last century the leading men of the South favored the abolition of slavery. This step would probably have been taken had it not been for the general inability to answer this question: "If you kill slavery, what will you do with the corpse?" Slavery is now dead, and this question of our fathers, "What will you do with the corpse?"

has come down through the years, and to-day with threatening voice demands an answer. This is a great question, in its importance second to none.

INJURIOUS EFFECTS OF HIS PRESENCE.

In advocating the colonization of the negro, I shall at the outset attempt to show that his presence has an injurious effect upon the peace and prosperity of our nation.

In the first place, he has been the cause (though an innocent one) of

sectional strife ever since the beginning of our independence. It was his presence which from an early period made the people of the North and South different in aim, in interests, and even in their way of thinking. It was his presence which later brought on the war between the States—that terrible vortex which swallowed up a million brave men and wealth untold. And to-day, Mr. President, it is his presence that pours oil upon the burning fire of sectional hatred engendered by the late war. However hard we may try to smother it, we all, more or less, feel its scorching flame. About what are the sections disputing? Is it about States' rights? No. That issue was settled by the war. The matter of contention is, I repeat, the negro. One section is continually charging the other with cruelty to him; as often as an election is held, the North charges the South with defrauding the black man out of his vote. The South answers in equally insulting terms. And so the dispute goes on, and so it will continue until the negro—the cause—is removed beyond our borders. Then, and not till then, will we be able to say, "No North no South, but one united country."

The material prosperity of a people depends, in a large degree, upon the character of their working class. If the laborer lacks intelligence and industry, the whole people suffer accordingly. Such is the trouble at the South, where the negroes form the laboring class; and as the result we are much poorer than other

sections of our country. Can our comparative poverty be assigned to any other cause? Is not the South much richer in natural resources than the more prosperous States North? And, in addition to the fact that the black man is inadequate as the means of developing our resources, he keeps from the Southern States the white laborers of the North and of Europe, who are not willing to come and work side by side with this inferior race, and occupy the low social plain held by the laborer in the South. Thus superior labor, which contributes so much to the prosperity of a country, is withheld from us.

A FEARFUL PROBLEM.

No man with two eyes can fail to see that a fearful problem confronts us. It demands a speedy solution. Daily the race hatred is becoming more intense. The antipathy beginning to show itself between former master and former slave is not to be compared with the enmity now springing up between their children. As time goes on, and the negro population increases, the question will grow more perplexing; for the larger his numbers the more he will assert himself, and the more he will come in conflict with the white man. Prof. Secomp well says: "Had we statesmen instead of partisan politicians, would they not look beneath the surface of this treacherous calm and seek to inaugurate measures which might dispel the clouds before they break and perhaps deluge America with such a torrent of blood at the end of the nineteenth century as flooded France at the end of the eighteenth?

Let us not, under fatal delusion of a calm, hide from our eyes the angry elements that mutter beneath the surface." Undoubtedly our perils are great. What shall we do?

WILL EDUCATION SOLVE THE PROBLEM?

We are told by many that it will. But it has already been tried for over twenty years—long enough to see at least the beginning of its effects.

I fail to perceive that education has bettered the relations between the races; on the contrary, in this day when the white man has furnished a school for every negro, race prejudice is greater than ever before. I have great confidence in education, but I do not believe that it can change in men that God-given instinct to divide themselves "after their kind." As long as there are two races in the South there will be race prejudice, and as long as there is race prejudice, our problem remains unsolved. And can there be any doubt that as the colored man shall become more educated, the more vigorous will be his attempts to maintain his demands for political offices? And will the Anglo-Saxon race ever be willing to be ruled, in the slightest degree, by the negro, educated or uneducated? We must look for help from another source.

WILL AMALGAMATION?

"Amalgamation," say some of our Northern friends. But its very suggestion is repulsive. He who would either wish for or aid in such a scheme is a traitor to his race. Better, ten thousand times better, to suffer the disease than use such a remedy. Mixture of blood is clearly not the

tendency of the times nor the desire of either race. We must look for help from some other source.

GRADUAL COLONIZATION OUR ONLY HOPE.

One solution remains. The transportation of the whole race in any very short period of time is not desirable; since such a step would not only be a great drain on the treasury of the country, but it would suddenly flood the South with foreign labor which would come to take the place of the negro. The removal of the negro should, therefore, be gradual, in order that those who come in his stead may come in numbers sufficiently small to be thoroughly absorbed by us and become a part of us.

The place of colonization should not be any part of the United States; for that, besides being an imposition on the people of that section, would but throw the problem upon the next generation. It should be to the Congo Valley, a country rich in natural resources, the primitive seat of the American negro, a country belonging to a European power which I am sure would greatly prefer the "tame" negro as a means of developing this region to the wild negroes that now roam its forest.

OBJECTIONS.

Colonization, like all other good measures, has been vigorously attacked. It has been branded as impracticable; but let us look at a plan lately set forth by a writer on this subject. He regards it as unnecessary to deport those who are well advanced in life. He makes a calculation, in which he shows that an

annual departure of 50,000 of the child-bearing element between the ages of twenty and thirty—the class, by the way, most likely to migrate—would, within fifty years, remove every negro from our shores. The same gentleman, in speaking of the costs, says that we should not send the black man away empty-handed; we should not only pay for his transportation, but should also maintain him for a reasonable time after his arrival, until he can become settled in his new home. For this purpose he makes the very liberal allowance of two hundred dollars to a family, and shows that, on this basis, the whole race could be transported in the period mentioned at the cost of ten million dollars a year—an amount which could be paid from the annual import tax on tobacco alone.

The gentleman who is to follow me will no doubt tell you that the negro will not go. But they have already showed their willingness by the organization of many emigration societies. The president of the Central and South American Emigration Society said some time since that there were in the South five hundred thousand negroes ready and willing to leave if they could only get transportation. This statement, together with many such reports from similar organizations, leads us irresistibly to the conclusion that there would be no trouble to get fifty thousand, the desired number to migrate, yearly. My great confidence in the advisability of this step leads me to predict that ere my colleague has closed this argument, you will not only be in

favor of sending the negro to Africa, but will urge the same disposition of the gentleman opposing this measure.

There are some that acknowledge colonization to be practicable, but declare it would cripple the South. They say that none but the black man can stand the scorching sun that falls upon the cotton-field. But their theory is refuted by the stubborn fact that large tracts in the State of Louisiana are cultivated entirely by white labor, and these tracts are the most productive in the State.

Others ask the question, “Is not the negro a more desirable citizen than the European laborer?” I answer emphatically, No. The negro is an alien race, and can never become a part of us, while the European belongs to the same race with ourselves, and can become thoroughly identified with us. In fact, over and over has this country assimilated foreign population in a comparatively short time and in much greater number than will come to the South to take the place of the black man.

Lastly, some oppose colonization because they are friends to the negro. When they say that we should have a solution which would be for the good of both races, I most heartily say *amen*, and I claim that colonization is the only solution that can secure this double benefit. The indications are that, if there is not a separation of the races, a conflict is inevitable; and in such a conflict the negro will assuredly come off second best. Who, then, is his friend? He that would kindly send him back to his old home, a land flowing in

milk and honey, or he that would keep him here amid all the dark uncertainties as to his ultimate fate? He, and he only, is the negro's friend who would prevent his com-

petition with a superior race. Separation we must have. He puts it well who says: "It is a case of a knife and a surgeon, and not of philanthropic pills or political plasters."

SCIENCE NOTES.

[*Editor*—N. H. HARRIS.]

The largest and best gas well was recently drilled near Fostoria, Ohio. This monster well has increased 2,000,000 feet since it was drilled, and has now a capacity of 37,000,000 cubic feet per day.

One of the latest and most unique inventions is a machine for buttering bread. There is a cylindrical shaped brush, which is fed with butter, and it lays a thin layer on the bread as it comes from the cutter. This machine can be worked by hand, steam, or electricity, and has a capacity of 750 loaves per day.

One of the latest uses to which the present state of perfection of the phonograph has led, is in the preservation of the languages of the New England Indians, which are rapidly becoming extinct. A collection of records illustrating the language, folk-lore, and songs of the Passamaquoddy tribe were taken with much success.

A cheap new parlor and range fuel is now made from culm, the waste dust of anthracite coal, which heretofore has marred the landscape and been a nuisance around the

mouth of anthracite mines. The process consists of mixing certain chemicals with the dry dust to make it sticky, running this into moulds, and then subjecting it to hydraulic pressure.

NEVADA'S SALT MOUNTAINS.—The salt mountains located on the banks of the Rio Virgin, an affluent of the Colorado river in Lincoln county, Nev., cover an area of twenty-five miles, extending to within seven miles of the junction of that stream with the Colorado. The salt they contain is pure and white and clearer than glass, and it is said that a piece seven or eight inches thick is sometimes clear enough to see through to read a newspaper. Over the salt is a layer of sandstone from two to eight feet thick, and when this is torn away the salt appears like a huge snowdrift. How deep it is has not yet been ascertained, but a single blast of giant powder will blow out tons of it. Under the cap rock have been discovered charred wood and charcoal, and matting made of cedar bark, which the salt has preserved, evidently the camp of prehistoric man.—*Scientific American*.

ACHIEVEMENT OF SURGERY.—At the Surgical Congress at Berlin, Professor Gluck, of Berlin, gave (says Dalziel, an exhibition showing a most valuable advance in surgery, namely, the successful substitution of catgut, ivory, and bone freed from chalk, for defects in bones, muscles, and nerve sinews. The juices of the body are sucked up in the inserted material, thereby establishing the junction of the separated ends, without any shortening of the part. He presented the cases of patients in whom there had been an insertion off from six to ten centimeters of catgut to supply defects in the leaders of the hands, to which complete mobility had been restored. This case has previously been impossible. In the case of another patient, Professor Gluck removed a tumor from the thigh, causing a considerable defect in the bone. He inserted ivory, and no shortening ensued. In another case he removed a large piece of nerve in the groin and inserted catgut, and the function remained completely satisfactory.—*Scientific American*.

AN INGENIOUS DEVICE FOR LIGHTING THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.—In the investigations that were undertaken by the Prince of Monaco in deep-sea soundings, an ingenious method was adopted to obtain specimens of the living creatures existing at the bottom of the ocean. It was, however, very unlikely that at these immense depths, where the darkness is practically total, any fish would voluntarily find their way into the trap, and steps were taken to attract them by a light placed inside it. Obviously, no light

was available but an electric light, but to get an electric light to burn a mile or two under water was not easy.

The only recourse was to supply the incandescent wire from a battery in the trap. Here, however, another difficulty occurred. It was necessary to inclose the battery, which had to be of considerable power, in a box of some kind, and as the hydrostatic pressure at such depths was six or seven hundred pounds to the square inch, it was found impossible to make a box which was not crushed before it reached its destination. At last, however, this trouble was overcome by the curious device of connecting the box with a balloon. The balloon was made of cloth dipped in India rubber, and so arranged that the air in it was in communication with that in the battery box.

On sinking the apparatus, the hydrostatic pressure, being virtually uniform all around the balloon, compressed it equally on all sides, forcing the air out of it into the battery box, until the pressure inside the box and balloon exactly balanced the pressure outside. This process went on to any extent, so that at the bottom of the sea, although the balloon was reduced by the enormous force exerted on it to a small fraction of its original size, it still kept the internal and external pressure equal. On raising the apparatus again it expanded as the pressure diminished, and brought the battery box to the surface uninjured. So successful was this device that, not content with capturing deep sea fish, the prince and his assistants propose on their

next expedition to send down a photographic apparatus and bring back negatives of the bottom of the ocean, as seen by the electric light.—*Scientific American.*

LOCALS.

[Editor—R. E. CHAMBERS.]

“Good-bye.”

“Write to me.”

“You must come back next session.”

“I wish I could spend another year here.”

The above are some of the many remarks frequently heard during the past week of this session.

“Patient persevering is permanent possession.”—*Dr. H. A. Tupper, Jr.*

Dr. John A. Broadus talked to about seventy-five of the students Tuesday morning of commencement week. To say that his talk was enjoyed, would give no idea of the impression it made. It was a simple talk; at times witty, then pathetic, coming from the heart, and going to the heart; every utterance was full of deep thought. We believe that impressions were made that morning that will last in the hearts of those who heard throughout life.

Doctor, we love you; come and talk to us again.

MEDALISTS.—The contests for medals during the past session have

been quite spirited, and we believe have been very beneficial. A great deal of good work has been done in both societies; more interest has been taken in debating; the interest in reading greater, and the majority of declamations have been very entertaining.

The “Best Debater’s Medal,” in the Philologian Society, was won by H. F. Williams. He had some very fine talent to contend with, which, of course, adds value to the honor so nobly won.

In the Mu Sigma Rho Society Wm. A. Goodwin carried off the prize as best debater. The contest was a close and exciting one. All the speeches were very fine, but the judges decided that Mr. Goodwin was worthy of the honor.

For greatest improvement in the Philologian Society, E. B. Winfrey was awarded the medal. For same in Mu Sigma Rho Society, P. M. Estes carried off the prize.

J. R. Long won the “Writer’s Medal,” given jointly by the two Societies. It is awarded to the one whom the Faculty decide has written the best piece for the *College Messenger*.

The “Tanner Medal,” for the

greatest proficiency in the School of Greek, was also won by J. R. Long.

The "Wood's Medal," for excellence in declamation, was awarded to J. J. Wicker.

James C. Harwood was victor in the contest for the "Steel Medal," which is given to the best reader.

The contests for the "Wood's" and "Steel" medals were held publicly. They were quite exciting and interesting, and were very much enjoyed by all present.

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CLOSING EXERCISES.—The commencement exercises of Richmond College were begun Sunday night, June 15th, at the First Baptist Church.

The annual sermon was preached by Rev. John A. Broadus, D. D., President of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Ky. There was a large congregation present, and the trustees, faculty, and students marched in in a body. The pulpit was tastefully decorated with flowers and evergreens.

Dr. Cooper read a portion of Scripture from the nineteenth Psalm, and Dr. Hoge lead in a fervent prayer. Captain Frank Cunningham, Richmond's sweetest singer, sang as a solo and with great pathos and beauty, "In Sight of the Crystal Sea."

Dr. Broadus' text was from Acts vii., 22: "And Moses was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and was mighty in words and in deeds." The sermon was profound in its impression, rich in thought, forcible in delivery, and was greatly enjoyed by the large crowd present.

Monday, June 16th, at 8 P. M., the Mu Sigma Rho and Philologian Literary Societies held their annual reunion.

The exercises were opened with prayer by Dr. John A. Broadus.

President, Frank C. Johnson, of the Mu Sigma Rho Society, was the salutatorian of the evening. He mentioned the improvement in field athletics during the past year, making particular mention of the champion base-ball team. Studies, too, have been pursued with great diligence. He also spoke of the law school lately endowed by the family of the late T. C. Williams. In conclusion, Mr. Johnson said that above all there was harmony in the school; that all the students were striving together for the upbuilding of the cause of Christ.

Mr. Johnson then introduced the orator of the Philologian Society, Mr. H. F. Williams, whose subject was "The South." Mr. Williams paid glowing tributes to the valor and bravery of the Southern soldiers, and said that it is natural for us to love the South, in whose defence our father's blood and died.

Mr. McGarity, of Georgia, and the final President of the Philologian Society, valedictorian, introduced to the audience Mr. E. W. Greaner, of Maryland, the orator of the Mu Sigma Rho Society, whose subject was "The Power of Concentration." This gentleman's oration was delivered with an ease and readiness of speech which showed that he was master of his subject. He was frequently interrupted by applause.

Then the valedictory was delivered, in an impressive and agreeable manner. The Speaker compared the occasion of a student's final departure from college to his first departure from home for college, and referred tenderly to the many pleasant associations of college life. He reminded his fellow-students that the real aim of ambition should not be graduation, but mental improvement, and said that memories of the college and its surroundings would ever linger in the fond recollections of every student.

This closed the exercises of the second night of the commencement.

Tuesday, June 17th, despite the threatening weather (and Rev Sam Jones' meetings going on just across the street), a large and cultivated audience assembled in the college chapel to hear the oration before the Literary Societies by Dr. Thomas Nelson Page.

Dr. J. C. Long, of Pennsylvania, opened the exercises of the evening with prayer.

Hon. B. A. Hancock, of Chesterfield, who had been chosen to preside, in words fitly chosen welcomed the audience to hear the oration, and closed his address by presenting Dr. Page as the orator of the evening. At the mention of his name there was great applause, and it was some time before he could begin.

After the oration President Hancock introduced Rev. T. S. Dunaway, who presented the Society medals in a brief, witty speech.

Wednesday night, June 18th, the

Society of Alumni met, Rev. R. R. Acree, of Petersburg, presiding.

An address by Rev. Robert Ryland, D. D., of Lexington, Ky., the first President of Richmond College, was the first item on the programme.

Dr. Ryland, though over eighty-five years old, made a very remarkable address, abounding in wisdom and containing very valuable information concerning the history of the College.

The president, in a very brief but pretty speech, presented to the audience Dr. H. A. Tupper, Jr., of Louisville, Ky., the orator of the evening. Dr. Tupper's subject was "Self-Heroism." He divided his subject as follows: The heroism of self-preparation; of self-concentration; of self-perpetuation. His address was very deep in impression, abounding in food for thought, and was beautifully and gracefully delivered. Indeed, it was well worthy of its distinguished author.

Dr. Acree then introduced, as the poet of the evening and poet laureate of the College, Mr. L. R. Hamberlin, of Shreveport, La., at the mention of whose name the hall was filled with one prolonged round of hearty applause.

Mr. Hamberlin chose for his subject "Flossie." This poem is one of his greatest and most scholarly efforts, and well sustains his reputation as a great poet. Mr. Hamberlin was well-nigh perfect in delivery, and the audience sat spell-bound during the recitation.

Being pressed (to repeat) by the continued applause, Mr. Hamberlin recited a very humorous selection en-

titled "How Ruby Played," which was greatly enjoyed and repeatedly applauded by the audience.

Thursday night, June 19th, the last of the commencement, was the time for the delivery of medals, diplomas, certificates of proficiency and promotions.

Professor B. Puryear, Chairman of the Faculty, read the names of those who obtained certificates of distinction, awarded to those who passed either examination, and the names of those who obtained certificates of promotion, awarded to those who passed both examinations.

S. Taylor Evans then presented the "Steel Medal" to the best reader and the "Wood's Medal" to the best declaimer.

Certificates of promotion in intermediate classes were delivered publicly by Professor Puryear; also certificates of proficiency, awarded to students who passed both examinations in Senior French, Senior German, Surveying or Experimental Physics.

Dr. Curry, on behalf of the donors, some unknown friends of the College, presented to the College a fine and costly portrait of Dr. A. E. Dickinson, editor of the *Religious Herald*.

Diplomas were then delivered to the graduates in the several schools.

In the absence of Rev. J. E. Massey, who had been requested to deliver the "Tanner Medal" for excellency in the School of Greek, Professor H. H. Harris, of that school, performed the duty. He spoke in very complimentary terms of the Senior Greek class, saying that it

was one of the finest he had ever had, and that the contest had been a very close one.

Rev. Wm. E. Hatcher, D. D., acting for the Secretary of the Trustees, announced the election of Mr. F. W. Boatwright to the Chair of Modern Languages and the conferring of the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity on Rev. William S. Ryland, President of Bethel College, Kentucky, and on Rev. J. M. Pilcher, of Virginia.

Rev. R. R. Acree then made one of the most pleasing announcements of the evening—that a School of Elocution had been established, with Mr. L. R. Hamberlin as Professor.

Dr. W. W. Landrum said that by the kindness of F. D. Johnson, Esq., a great friend of the College, hereafter a medal will be awarded to the student most proficient in Latin, as is now the case in the School of Greek.

Professor Puryear, after a most suitable, highly entertaining, and instructive speech, delivered the diplomas to the Bachelors of Arts and Master's of Arts.

He then announced the session of 1889-'90 at an end.

LIBRARY NOTES.—The Librarian furnishes the *Messenger* with the following facts from the Annual Report submitted to the Trustees on the 19th of June. It will be seen that there is steady growth and expansion in all the work of this important branch of college equipment.

There were added to the book department two hundred and sixty-two

volumes, largely works of reference, and very useful to the students and professors. The present number of volumes, exclusive of duplicates, is nine thousand eight hundred and two.

The students borrowed from the Library during the session, to be used in their rooms, eleven hundred and seventy volumes, and the Professors one hundred and twenty-three. Only two books were lost or misplaced during the year.

For the lighter reading and more general improvement of the college through the current literature of the day there were provided of magazines and kindred publications, dailies, weeklies, and monthlies, in our own and foreign languages, secular and religious, sixty.

This would seem to be mental pabulum sufficient to keep us all abreast of the times.

For all the work of the Library the total income from endowment is \$1,326.25, and was used during the year for the purposes of the department.

The report speaks of the good order and appreciation of the students. Everything has passed off well, and the "boys" will always have pleasant impressions of their quiet, happy hours in the Library of *Alma Mater*.

Rev. Dr. George Cooper is made Chairman of the Library Committee for the ensuing year. He will make an attentive and interested officer.

It is contemplated to project work on the Museum, and we hope it will not be long ere this interesting department receives a generous and proper equipment. As has been announced, Mrs. James Thomas leads the way with the gift of \$1,000 for equipment.

Rev. C. H. Ryland, D. D., is the Librarian, and Mr. Garnett Ryland (student) is the assistant. Dr. Ryland always arranges for the young men who remain over during the vacation, giving them the use of the Library, and adding much to their enjoyment and improvement during the summer months.

PERSONALS.

[*Editor*—N. H. HARRIS.]

A. S. H. Bristow, B. A. of '89, Principal of the Academy at Chase City, brought his school down to the Unveiling.

R. L. Motley has been called to a pastorate in East Tennessee.

We understand that D. H. Johnston, '89 of Princeton, W. Va., is reading law under his father.

Stuart McGuire, '88, the popular business manager of the University base-ball team of the past season, is at his home in this city.

J. W. Loving, M. A. of '84, is pastor of a flourishing church in Kentucky.

We hear that C. Tim Smith, '87, is prospering finely in the saw-mill

business at his home in Caroline county.

J. R. Comer, '88, is a popular professor in the growing Palmetto Academy at Adamsville, S. C.

The call of a church in Lancaster county, tendered to W. E. Wright, '89, has been accepted by him.

J. B. Loving, B. A. of '86, is Principal of the Academy at Glade Spring.

J. Bunyan Lemon, '84, is a successful pastor at Rochester, N. Y.

We enjoyed much the visits of Jim and Joe Cochran, '89, who came down to the unveiling of the Lee's Monument.

T R. Carr, M. A. of '87, and G.

Y. Bradley, '87, both graduates of S. B. T. Seminary the past year, paid us visits recently.

George C. Bundick, B. A. of '83-'84, Principal of an Academy at Ridge Springs, S. C., was present at our commencement.

Albert Hill, B. A. of '87, is Principal of one of the public schools in this city.

Richard Edwards, '89, an attendant at Croyer Seminary the past year, was with us a few days before commencement.

We were also much pleased to see Slaughter Huff, '83-'84, who attended Cornell University the past year.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

[*Editor*—N. H. HARRIS.]

On Sunday evening, the 25th of May, Dr. M. D. Hoge, of this city, conducted the Sunday evening service in the College chapel. A large congregation was present, and the sermon of the famous preacher was much enjoyed. These services have been so successful and so much enjoyed by all, that the Y. M. C. A. has determined to institute a regular Sunday evening service next session.

At the election of Y. M. C. A. officers recently, the following were chosen: W. L. Hayes, President; E. E. Dudley, Vice-President; E. M. Whitlock, Recording Secretary; F. C. Johnson, Corresponding Secretary;

J. H. Franklin, Treasurer. The following committees were also elected: The Membership Committee, consisting of F. C. Johnson, C. S. Dickinson, and J. E. Hixon; the Missionary Committee, of R. H. Rudd, A. F. Dean, M. J. Hoover, and Prof. H. H. Harris; the Devotional Committee of R. E. Chambers, W. H. Ryland, G. F. Hambleton, C. M. Long, D. H. Rucker, C. S. Dickinson, and Dr. C. H. Ryland.

Read the following interesting piece, cut from the *Intercollegian*, upon the Volunteer Movement:

It is painfully true that men both honest and earnest, pursuing different

lines in the Lord's work, fail in many instances each to recognize in the other the importance and tremendous significance of the line of work not his own. An attitude almost amounting to antagonism is observable between the champions of Home and Foreign Missions. The distinction between Home and Foreign Mission work is often even by thoughtful men too arbitrarily drawn; but the terms "Home" and "Foreign" should exist, of course, as convenient designations for distinct lines of work. The Master gave his life to redeem the whole world. Surely, then, we cannot be indifferent or apathetic to sustained effort in the Master's name in whatever field that effort is put forth. In regard to the work of The Student Volunteer Movement, her representatives value criticism from friends, whether identified with the movement or not—criticism in the broad sense of that much-abused term.

But criticism should be helpful, and in order to be helpful, it must be based on accurate data. We quote the following statements, because these are typical of many that have come to our notice:

"We have heard of some thousands of students in our colleges 'pledged to foreign missions; but somehow they do not materialize;' again: 'We would be willing to hear less about their enthusiastic pledges, if we might see more proof of the new enthusiasm.' The movement, it must be remembered, is only a human instrumentality. Its plans and methods must necessarily be inadequate, when

we consider the end in view the evangelization of the world; its motive, however, is the highest, even the Christ motive. On the ground of the motive the volunteer movement asks for fair-mindedness and sympathy in criticism. An examination of statistics recently compiled discloses not only tangible issues of sustained effort, but also an explanation in facts and figures of the reason why a greater number of volunteers are not in the field to-day."

Five thousand persons have signed the pledge.

The most accurate estimate gives the numbers and proportions of the volunteers in the various grades of educational institutions as follows:

1750	(35 per cent.)	college students.
125	(2½ ")	medical students.
450	(9 ")	theological students.
650	(13 ")	preparatory and academic students.
200	(4 ")	grammar and common school students.
500	(10 ")	out of school on account of health or lack of means.
500	(10 ")	who are not students.
275	(5½ ")	who have completed their course of study and are still in this country.
250	(5 ")	have departed to their foreign work.
250	(5 ")	have renounced their decision.
50	(1 ")	have been rejected on account of ill health and other reasons.

In the following estimate the same persons are considered with reference to the time required to complete their course of study which they have laid out:

Those who have completed their education and gone to the work, about 250; those who have completed studies but are still in this country, 150; who expect to complete studies in 1890, 400; about 550 will complete

their studies each year for the next four years; while 1200 will have more than four years of study before them; about 500 are uncertain as to the time required to finish on account of health and means. To complete the total of 5,000 there must be added 50 who have been rejected by the board and 250 who have renounced their decision.

There has been pledged for the support of missionaries, through the influence of the movement: by colleges, \$19,450; seminaries, \$9,850;

churches, \$13,600; miscellaneous bodies, \$5,400. These figures include single contributions and permanent annual pledges.

The American Board sent out last year the largest number of workers for any year in over half a century, and had, at the close of the year, as many more applications on file. During the past three years the American Board has sent out thirty volunteers, and several others will apply this year.

EXCHANGES.

[Editor—GARNETT RYLAND.]

Last month we commented on the manner in which the exchange editor of the *Vanderbilt Observer* denied a statement in the MESSENGER as to co-education at Vanderbilt.

Of the truth of that denial we could say nothing, but allies have arisen in an unexpected quarter, and the *Observer's* editor seems to have stirred up a hornet's nest at his own institution. In the May number of the *Observer* two contributors have attacked the truthfulness of his assertion that there was no such thing as co-education at Vanderbilt; and it is necessary only to quote the following from one of them to show the utter falsity of the impression he endeavored to make:

In the exchange columns of the last issue of the *Observer*, appeared a contradiction to a statement of *The Messenger*, from Richmond College, Va.

The statement was with reference to co-education at Vanderbilt. While the contradiction is to a slight extent true, it certainly displays a very narrow-minded prejudice, and either a woful ignorance of facts or a wilful distortion of them.

While Vanderbilt has not "thrown open her doors to women," no one can assert that she discourages in the least their taking advantage of the opportunities here offered for a superior education. At a recent meeting of the faculty it was definitely decided even to invite all women, desiring an education higher than is given by the average girls' school in the South, to come to Vanderbilt to study. Truly, women are not allowed to matriculate here, but with that exception, they become regular student-members of the university. All along they have been allowed access to all courses and all lectures, and the only young lady that ever took a full course was given the degree of M. A. at the completion of her work. Degrees will doubtless be con-

ferred on all other young ladies that do likewise, and several are at present taking degree courses in the university with that end in view.

If this is not, practically, co-education, will our brother editor tell us what it is?

The *Guardian* of Baylor University, Texas, has made a complete "change of mission." Having left the field of college journalism it now aspires to the place of a popular magazine devoted to "education, literature and Texas history." The best Texan writers have been engaged as contributors to its columns, and its circulation will be pushed all over the State.

We wish the *Guardian* the greatest success in its new venture, but how can the Baylor University boys do without that indispensable—a strictly college paper?

We were glad to receive last month our first copy of the *Emory and Henry Exponent*, although in neither contents nor mechanical make-up was it

up to our expectations. Judging from its columns, interest in literary work must be at a low ebb indeed among the supporters of the magazine. Our interest in so near a neighbor leads us to hope that this may not be a fair sample, and that succeeding months will show marked improvement in every direction.

The *Lehigh Burr* is given up entirely to athletics, to the exclusion of everything in the line of literary work and even of general local news.

The *Georgetown* (D. C.) *College Journal* has one of the best literary departments among our exchanges.

The criticism on Edgar Allan Poe, in the last number, is especially well written and readable.

And now we must bid our visitors farewell for awhile. We will gladly welcome them all back next session, and hope that refreshed by their summer's rest they may be better than ever before.

COLLEGE NEWS AND NOTES.

[Editor—GARNETT RYLAND.]

England has but one college paper.

Longfellow was but nineteen when made professor at Bowdoin.

George Bancroft, the historian, is Harvard's oldest living graduate.

Students, who use tobacco in any form, are denied admission to the University of the Pacific at San Jose, Cal.

Three-fourths of the national colleges founded in the last thirty years are Southern.

How can it be said that young men are rushed through college when everybody knows that they get through only by degrees?

The *Dartmouth* completed the fiftieth year of its publication on

March 28th last, an unusual event in college journalism.

An examination in gymnastics is now required of Johns Hopkins undergraduates before a degree is conferred.

Of 362 colleges and institutions in the country, 271 are supported by religious denominations.

Fond Father—Well, my son, what rank have you taken this year in college? Hopeful Son (proudly)—Third in batting average and first in fielding.—*Ex.*

The College paper at Wellesley has offered a prize of \$10 for the most musical “yodel” or “wild lyrical cry,” to be used as a substitute for the ordinary college “yell.”

The new Randolph Macon Academy, at Bedford City, Va., is to be dedicated on July 4th. It is intended as a feeder for the College, and will be under the special care of the president of that institution.

Wake Forest College, at its commencement this year, bestowed the degree of B. A. on Miss Eva Belle Simmons. This young lady, a daughter of one of the professors, passed successfully all the examinations in the regular course.

Miss Philippa Fawcett has taken the highest honors in the competitive examinations of this month at Cambridge University, England. Miss Fawcett is the daughter of the late blind British Postmaster General, and is twenty-two years old.

An effort is being made by the secretary of the Board of Trust of

Vanderbilt University to secure the funds to erect on the campus a statue of Commodore Vanderbilt, the founder of the university.

The longest graduated college alumnus in this country is Rev. Dr. Herman Halsey, of Niagara County, New York. He was graduated from Williams in 1811 and is ninety-seven years old. Although quite feeble and nearly blind, he is in comfortable health.

The students of the University of Pennsylvania made such a successful protest against co-education that the Board of Trustees has decided to establish an “annex” for the girls. “This plan will give them class-rooms and study-rooms of their own, although recitations will be made to the University professors.”

Dr. Stetson, president of the Des Moines College (co-educational), has announced that students who fall in love with each other during any term are violating one of the college rules and are subject to severe discipline.

The Wellesley girls say,
As at Vespers they pray,
Help us good maidens to be;
Give us patience to wait
Till some subsequent date;
World without men—ah-me!—*Ex.*

A number of prominent Baltimore women, under the leadership of the Misses Garrett and King, are agitating for the establishment of a fund for the higher education of women at the Johns Hopkins University. For this purpose they went to Washington lately, and after returning to

Baltimore declared their efforts in a large degree successful.

Resolutions adopted by the Faculty of the University of Pennsylvania: "No student whose general average in the mid-term or term reports is below "medium" shall be permitted to engage in any University athletic contests or match, rowing races, or play in any match games of base-ball, foot-ball, cricket, tennis, lacrosse, etc."

The annual report of President Dwight, of Yale, shows that the university received during the last year \$716,000 in gifts, and kept within its income of \$336,000. Nevertheless he declares that there is urgent need of \$500,000 more, and hopes some benevolent person will contribute it.

A TALE OF WOE.

The song that's lately all the rage
Upon the street and on the stage,

And growing fast to ripe old age,
Is "Little Annie Rooney."
The newboys sing it on the street,
And almost every man you meet
Is keeping time with prancing feet
To "Little Annie Rooney."
Every morning, noon and night,
'Tis sung by all, and seldom right,
And whistled in more shocking
plight—
'Twill surely drive us looney!
It makes no difference where you go,
You can't escape this "tale of woe;"
Instead of "Annie Laurie" now
The band plays "Annie Rooney."

CHORUS:

She's a chestnut, "Joe's" a bore;
May we hear them nevermore!
Wish they'd marry—take the grip
And go down in McGinty's ship
While they're on their wedding trip—
Joe and Annie Rooney.

—*Binghamton Republican.*



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
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